UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

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Original Poem.

LAST WORDS,

In the Departed Spirit of one loved long ago.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.
BY HENRY MORFORD.

I know not, but spirit, whose mansion of prayer,
Must be where the angels their starry stairs wear.—
I know not of high in the heavens afar,
Where love knows an azure so vast or so bright
I know not if there thou wilt but to my breath,
But I speak to thee now in the freedom of death.

Then went dear to me once, oh I dare not recall
The lights and the shadows on memory's wall,
I dare not unseal now of the sacred roll,
When my words were tender and thine were not cold
But the memories that once were so heaven to me,
May even in heaven be whispered to thee.

Then went dear to me once, it is many a day
Since the fountain has trodden my desolate way,
It is long since I saw thee, ah, I have past by,
The feeling—thou knowest—that dear and high,
I am not the same who beat fears at thy side,
And prayed thee to live as my own spirit bride

The cold world has changed me—I look not as more
With the deep flame easing my heart-is as over;
I am not here together, yet I have sworn
That never this world of my heart shall be worn,
I have held thee no more where I held thee so long,
I have worshipped another sweet spirit of song.

But now when the world can no longer profane
When the spirit is free from its bondage again,
When away it will speed to thee, sadly and lone,
As I spoke when I loved thee so long long ago;
Then meet—it will breathe to the spirit of love,
And pray thee to hear in those eyes happy star.

There came one sweet note to my desolate heart,
When from thy lips, dearest, the message was sent,
That bright flash of feeling, our beautiful ray,
Came out as hope's temple was crumbling away,
For thou art as hope's temple was crumbling away,
That after all past, it has lingered behind.

Go, bright be thy prospect, and perfect the bliss,
May thy heart-strings be tuned to the perfect tone this;
May each day to thy soul new happiness bring,
And thy life shine out as the sunlight of spring,
And living on earth—it a tear from the eye,
A prayer from the heart—be thine offering to me,
Then my prayers shall go up at the closing of even,
To guard thee on earth and to bless thee in heaven.

I shrined not thy passion, when first on the shell
Of the young husband slumbered a beautiful bride,
I stained not thy crimson, when first they did
Of the wedded lip passing away,
I blasted not the promise, when weary and weak,
Thou didst shade thine eyes from the light of the sun,
I never have met thee, I never have sought
To wake to its one affection thought,
Or to stain with a passion one flower,
That grew in thy wedded life every hour.

Then meet me, dear spirit, in danger and fear,
Then meet me when sinking or failing around,
Let me feel thy soft wing, as it rests on my head,
And bend at the altar in heaven for me,
And pray that my portion in heaven may be,
That I may be worthy to meet thee and join,
Those eyes shall forever be watched with more

Original Tales.

THE WEEPING WILLOW.

Or; The First Grave on Laurel Hill.

CONCLUDED.

A LEGEND OF THE SCHUYLKILL.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.
BY MARY EVERSHOLEN.

The course of true love never did run smooth.—
Midsummer Night's Dream.

And now alas let there in the moonlight, while as we must think, and must feel for Seaton, a look of lofty triumph in the glancing eye, and with something like a smile curling his lip, as he exclaimed in a tone of exultation. At length she regained her scattered senses, and a burning blush stole over her face and neck as she discovered his eye fixed passionately upon her.

"Let us fly now—let us go at once!" exclaimed she wildly starting from her seat. "Another day, not another hour, could I walk before my mother a living and a moving lie!" Alas, poor Annie! The first deception, and after leading upon her the unbroken path with the desperation of one who would know the worst, she had crossed the Rubicon, and could not go back. Alas, poor Annie Vale!

"Quiet thy fears, my sweet one," said Seaton; "quiet thy fears, and weep—only not now. Meet me here again in morrow night, and then my own love, a good ship and a dashing breeze, shall bear us far away from the cold dwellers on the sea. the seventh man was no other than Henry Seaton. He sprang out of the boat and turned to the men.

"You will wait here until I return," said he "No matter what seems, or what you hear, let nothing stir you from this spot—you shall be repaid." He then having examined the pistols of his pistols and loosened a dagger in its sheath, stepped noiselessly into the bushes and the others will endeavor, without loss of time, to reach the place from whence the sound floated up, and to surround the men. Then what course to pursue. And now, above all, be silent, wary and resolute, for upon your conduct depends the fate of your commander and friend."

He then having examined the pistols of his pistols and loosened a dagger in its sheath, stepped noiselessly into the bushes and was soon hidden in their labyrinths.

In her cottage, reading by the light of a candle, sat Grace Seaton, the mother of the large and handsome man, whose huge frame stepped from the shadow of the huge trunk out into the moonlight, and stood full before him, as if to challenge his gaze. Struck dumb by this sudden apparition Seaton stood still, and his hand sought the guide of his hunting knife, as he exclaimed in a voice of thunder. But he seemed to relinquish that idea, for his hand fell as he advanced a step nearer to the stranger, and eyed him from head to foot.

"By what right do you step me here, or what is your purpose with me?" asked Seaton, "speak quickly, for I have small time to spare."

"Henry Seaton," returned the stranger, in a calm clear, solemn voice, "you are my prisoner. I have this night been a witness to a successful effort on your part to induce a young and innocent girl to leave her land and her people, and to fly with you to your—home—*Relinquish this enterprise!*"

"And who then are you, sir, who dares thus boldly to make such a requisition of me?" exclaimed the astonished Seaton. "What is the fiend's name is it, you, or with what warrant do you demand of me such a strange condition?"

"By no warrant but that of humanity," said the other. "By no right, save the obligation laid on all men, to be the defenders of the innocent, not the destroyers of their happiness, and with this warrant and this right I again command you to *relinquish this enterprise!*"

"By my faith, you are the very prince of knight-errants, the most modest of mankind! And what, oh valiant champion, and defender of injured maidens, what if I disobey and refuse you this most modest of requests?

"Then, Henry Seaton, I bid you beware! These victims do you already count to your vile acts and deceptions. Two are enough, but the other still lingers out a miserable existence. The fourth you know has ever been unlovely. Heaven help you sparrd you, to spare a shaking tempt it on further, but beware!"

"And who then is the devil's name are you sir, who charges me with such crimes? Unmask, or by Heaven I will do it for you!" and he sprang forward as if to put his threat into execution. The stranger stepped back and the hand-it-operate, confronting me at every turn!"

"Your specious I may not answer," said the stranger, in the same calm voice. "It is enough that you know me. Abandon this enterprise. Return to England; repent of your past errors, and seek to atone for the ruin of others for the gratification of your evil passion, and you will never see me more;—proceed, and I can only bid you beware!"

The stranger gathered his cloak up about him and made a step as if to depart. The action roused the half petrified Seaton.

"Say," shouted he, "I must hear more! Mortal or fiend we part not till we know each other better!" and he sprang forward, as if to lay hands upon him, but the figure eluded his grasp, and darted across the beach. Seaton turned to follow, but his foot struck a stone, and he stumbled and fell heavily. When he regained his feet the stranger had disappeared in the bushes, and nought was to be seen but the moonlight on the water, and the boat and hence he unmoored the boat, and putting out into the stream, he crossed the river to the spot from whence he had come.

The night sped and the day dawned, and passed also as all days do. The sun was bright, and the air balmy, and the waters of the river alike clear and blue, while from every bush and tree gushed out the sweet tremulous melody of birds. Spring all over—spring! Spring in bloom and beauty, beauty and sad was the heart of Annie Vale! Under her heart smote fierce as her love with a mother's feelings, of which few for her unmerited sadness. How she would smile and appear to look happy, whenever she met her mother, and how she would kneel at her knees beside Seaton, throwing, at the same time, her arms round the still inanimate figure of her daughter. The rough sailors were moved.

It was a strange and touching scene for that lonely spot, and at that lonely hour. Around the miserable girl, the poor old mother with her imploring look, tears flowing, and bruised hands and bloody heads, and the rough and disguised wooder. It was a strange and touching picture, as for one moment they all stood perfectly still—all but the moon-it, up over the hilltop, seated the moon.

"Henry Seaton," said the stranger, dropping his cloak, and he perceived that the men did not seem disposed to advance, and turning his face at the same time to the person he addressed. "Henry Seaton, the last night deemed I know who I am——insane, and you shall now hear!"

"You may remember, about three years ago, while on a hunting excursion in the west of England you, by accident, fell in a sweet village with a young and beautiful girl, the daughter of a country squire. Mary Weston was simple and confiding, you were unprincipled and designing. You sought her love, and you—you ruined and—left her. Three months after she died, some said of one thing, some of another, but I say of her kind affection for a cruelled and broken heart. Henry Seaton, I am that girl's brother. Turning for revenge, a lonely one requiring the aid of a friend, I saw you was at night, as you were descending the steps of a theatre. My countenance seemed to startle and trouble you, and I perceived that you were about to slip from there, but I assure a sacred and terrible oath that I should never leave you, but should dog your footsteps, as the cup of iniquity should be full and well and truly have I kept that vow. I have seen two other victims, but I asked myself, 'Is it time?' and in the fourth—the last, is before you. Henry Seaton, you have lived your last day; your last hour is now upon you. Prepare to die!"

Resembled, terror stricken, and impassive as a statue, stood the wretched man while he was thus addressed. Then he sprang forward with the cry of the stranger's face, as he gazed upon him, and his voice was softer when he again spoke.

"I give you yet another chance for your life. Leave the maiden as she is—return to England and leave her to the fate of penitence for your past misdeeds, and you may yet be spared. Do you accede to this?"

"Never!" shouted he, "never will I relinquish what I have won. Villains! why do you stand there? Set on, kill by your deeds—fear to face a single man! Then thou didst I kill myself of my tormentors!" He flung the gold from him and grasped his dagger with one hand. The sharp sound of a pistol broke the stillness of the night. Seaton sprang convulsively into the air, uttered a shrill shriek, and fell back! When the smoke cleared away the stranger was gone.

The report seemed to arouse the scattered senses of Annie. She started up, and breaking from her mother, threw herself convulsively on the body of her lover.

"No fear!—Mrs. Hicks—do take a draught—" and quick as thought a small shovel of the shape and size of dough dose found in fat were tendered. Every thing seemed to go off so nice, and the very cheese as though it had been prepared in small detachments to all directions.

Compliments were bandied round, while the fowls lay up lip, cakes were munched, toast done for, and tea drank. "Oh such tea" was the enraptured exclamation of one. Tea seemed as 'twere a given signal, and lyon praises of every thing on the table were heard in every direction.

But they had got through—the chairs were drawn back—and as it was only a small party they had lain down, and covered him up and left him—with none but the mother and daughter watching over his untimely grave.

"But what become of Annie afterwards?" said I, as my friend, having finished, rose to depart.

"That I really cannot tell. But some years afterwards, the grave was opened and closed again, and a little board, with the simple letters A. V. on it was placed at its head. Little is the world—never of that little grave dream that there—for I believe they were buried together—little does he dream that there was the FIRST GRAVE OF LAUREL HILL!

Candleism.

HOW SIMPKINS BOLTED.

[The following sketch, furnished us by a correspondent, will serve to show the origin of candles at this time. The English Lectures are full of allusions and customs which show their transatlantic origin. In the following sketch, the regular genuine, not sad nor pushed is palpable enough.]

SIMPKINS was not only a family hack, but a patient man.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Brooks," said Brooks's better half, "you complain, do you—first look at that hack! Your good soul knows that it is the only lucky scare that you haint a Mrs. Simpkins in your wife. You'd work at your trade all day, and then find the little scene at night, when your wife went a gadding—wouldn't you? You'd drag the clothes basket on truckles round of a Sunday morning, and then go to an airing! You'd put up with a cold lunch for a Sunday dinner, and then rock the baby to sleep, and lay down with it in the afternoon, the dear little thing, and keep the flies from it tormenting us!, and see that it didn't roll off the bed? And if we want to know, some of you would go off to bed by early candlelight, and sit still, to let your grown up people sit up a little longer! So never do you say one word, for just this 'k of your neighbor Simpkins!"

Here was Brooks's better half's song sung by all the good neighbors' wives to their husbands, to sung true as general. Simpkins, you see, by a glorious chance to you Madam Brooks, for the picture, was one of them. He was a slow coach. His pace was the "hackleberry trot" round of a Sunday morning, by adaptation, was useful for all services, from the plough, to the plough, then beardoe by a boy mounted behind on a sad nag, with head down, tugging thrum-th the dust and mud, the one day tormenting us!, and see that it didn't roll off the bed? And if we want to know, some of you would go off to bed by early candlelight, and sit still, to let your grown up people sit up a little longer! So never do you say one word, for just this 'k of your neighbor Simpkins!"

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Time flew, and the shrill whistle, the crack of the whip and short, harsh words, were his fate the same, but many of the sad incidental touching up bestowed—you've seen the sagest drover brush the fly from the neck of his sad nag's shoulder with a switch. Well, it is a delicate operation—and from the way it is performed, becomes at times worse than fly stings by far. Our worthy friend was used to

"Shall I help you?" said the stranger, facing the sallow. "Stand back!—the first man who approaches an inch, I fire!" And from his shoulders dropped the cloak revealing his whole form as he stood in the centre of the men, "Retreat!" on the pressure of the men he threatened.

"Annie—Annie, my daughter!" cried the mother, and she sprang forward from the crowd. She stood a moment and looked wildly around—then, as her eye took in the scene, she uttered a shriek of agony, and fell upon the body of her lover. Then she sprang to her feet, and with her knees beside Seaton, throwing, at the same time, her arms round the still inanimate figure of her daughter. The rough sailors were moved.

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"Annie—Annie!—where are you Annie?" "Come, come!" said Seaton, raising her on, and we cannot stop now. Haste Annie, haste, for our time grows short."

"There, again—that voice. And, Oh God Henry, look—look—yonder by the willow—it is—it is—Oh! it is my mother!"

"Annie—Annie—where are you Annie?" "Hark!" said Annie, endeavoring to stop, "hark! Henry did you not hear a voice call Annie? There,—there again—oh you not hear it!"

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"There, again,—that voice. And, Oh God Henry, look—look—yonder by the willow—it is—it is—Oh! it is my mother!"

"Annie,—Annie, my child!" exclaimed the distracted woman, "Oh, Annie, my daughter, will you leave your all mother here to die! Oh, my God, she is gone—Annie!—where are you, Annie!"

"Here, mother, here! Henry, let me go back. Come to me, mother, I will never, never leave you."

A wild scream of intense joy burst from the woman as she beheld her daughter's form in Seaton, with a muttered curse, seized the girl by the waist, and dashed down the precipice. Annie became insensible, but still through the dreamy sleep that stole over her, came the tones of that agonizing voice.

"Annie,—Annie, my daughter! where are you, Annie?"

Silence kept watch over the lonely dead. It was still, "not a mouse stirred." Suddenly the bushes on the hill—on the open space sprang Seaton, bearing in his arms the half dead Annie. With rapid strides he was making toward the boat, when from the hill the afore-mentioned walnut tree the stranger of the preceding night started, and stationing himself full in his path, thundered out "Halt!"

Seaton disengaged one arm and sought his belt for his pistols. They were not there—probably dropped in the strife—he opened his eyes, to let your grown up people sit up a little longer! So never do you say one word, for just this 'k of your neighbor Simpkins!"

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Selected Tales.

O RABEQUISTA, THE FIDDLER.

A Tale from the Portuguese.

[The following is something rare, we had almost said like under the name of "Love Runs Low Run." The writer with the here changes his tone in a convenient vein in a lower, and might save many sighs, if so much were necessary, and we think it would be, to open to get the narrow day, occasionally, that there is a little room to breathe in.]

Perhaps you go to stopping here now and letting people see what a fool you can make of yourself—but go into the kitchen and get your supper, there's the kettle and the coals—and you may make a fire or let it alone—there's cold meat, and there's bread—and you may eat or let it alone."

The object Simpkins, whining, said, "must I cook my own supper?"

"Why, go without—but don't stand about here, for nobody wants you."

He was the object Simpkins no longer. A sudden light flashed across the face of the ingenious, a sudden propensity to dance seized him, and yielding to the impulse, he performed a something between a Highland-fling and a hornpipe.

Mrs. Simpkins said "she was dumbfound." The staid single Chinese shadow on the wall was cracks, as Simpkins danced, embraced the rare opportunity now afforded them, and nodded now to one another as they stood on the mantle—now to the company, and now to Mrs. Simpkins, who, filled with indignation, felt a something between a fit coming on and a fit coming on. Oh but was awful—that look once would have made Simpkins long for an earthquake to swallow him up, but it had no effect on him. He was tuned his fingers—suddenly thrust the former hand in the pocket of his smalls, and with his right hand, "Paddy Whack" was played. Mrs. Simpkins, who possessed neither the gentleness to faint, nor the fortitude to wait for a spell at our house.

No reward's knock was that, that broke upon the second woman's reverie. "You Simpkins, are there pannels there?"

"Mr. Simpkins smote word mazin as how he'd like his nuffi shirt and cap—he's tuck hard for a spell at our house."

The house was the tavern. Simpkins slept in the first night drapery.

"Oh Mrs. Simpkins I pity you indeed I do—able to think on't,"—exclaimed a breathless, coachee running in the next morning.

"What is the matter?"

"Why you're cried down!"

"Cried down!"

"Yes ma'am! on every corner there 'tis to be seed, stuck up in black and white."

"I hereby forbid all persons from trusting my wife on my account, as I will pay no debts of her contracting hereafter.

J. Simpkins."

These sat Mrs Simpkins for days in agony and wrath,—now resolving on this course, now on that, and finally resolving upon nothing. She would not hear of her family being told her house and as she racked her ingenuity for some unheard of horrid punishment, she forgot the cause. Mrs. Jones' cards, and Brigham Young's wife to money wrapped in a paper, upon which Simpkins wrote to tell her he had defrauded to pay for making a night cap and gone off, and her son coupled with a demand for clean linen, having also the generous assurance that he should see her full price for washing.

What could poor Mrs. Simpkins do but yield? "Let the thing," she exclaimed, "if it wasn't for my children I'd scratch his eyes out, and then put him in jail."

Simpkins kept steady at his work; three days was a lonely time; and then Sundays he spend a new hat and coat, polished boots and a walking stick; and she, poor soul, as she sat at the window in her grief, could hear his merry laugh from the house opposite. He was a happy fellow.

Then came a matter of weeks since the domestic revolt, and affairs still wagged the same. No yielding by either party, except that Mrs. Simpkins accepted the washing. When she was called upon by the landlord's agent, he gave her to understand that Simpkins had hired the house for his family for the next quarter, with the privilege of the top of a back shed, and wood, which made a nice substitute for coal. Furthermore, he told her that time was up there, and she must move instanter.

"I won't go into chambers!" said Mrs. Simpkins.

"Your husband said you would say so."

"What else did he say, the brute."

"That you might go into chambers or let it alone. He would into chambers, and he should not pay any more rent here."

Mrs. Simpkins's worst enemies knocked, and had as yet three had been so effect toward reconciliation. Simpkins' shop was a happy place to drop in. There sat the boys on the bar, and there the apprentice. They sang, whistled, laughed, chaffed, and talked, they pounded and sawed, they planed and beat work, and had most of them any other boys had not chambers than them.

Under the old "regime" Simpkins had filled and his wife held the purse—and he was always a harassed man. Now he held it himself, it was comparatively rich, but he let his family suffer—and he could dress better. True, he was without the comforts of a home, but then he reminded home had been a miniature pandemonium, and all its bitterness had been his. The minister had talked with both parties, carried messages, exercises of peace from the wife to the husband—and Simpkins told him plainly how he might be induced to return to his family. Mrs. Simpkins heard how her overtures were received—felt his demands were just—felt more—felt that to yield now would show that she was in error, and the communication was dropped for the while, but her better feelings got the mastery, and Simpkins went home—went home to feel he was a husband, and at the head of a family, and as such respected, if for nothing more.

Mrs. Simpkins had learned a lesson that was if she had little to do about it, or seem to be aware of it. She did not scold, frame or tease now, but she reasoned and wheedled.

And now, behold a fisherman tickling his old trout! these she would be, the dear good soul, hanging round her husband in the most affectionate "you can't say no" manner possible, and he, if he felt justified in his refusal, hung out as firm as would the trout, enduring it as long as he could, but at last gave in, being caught as the tickled trout when he shows out of harm's way.

And now, bidding adieu to Mr. and Mrs. —Miss and all the little Simpkinses, who are too numerous to mention, we do it with the fire and happy sentence that, taken collectively or individually, they are as worthy of being held up as examples, as their mamma was, as long as whereas many might find a reflection of a fault their own.

Choice Articles.

TO THE GIRLS.

Habits of neatness, cleanliness and order, are indispensable to a female, if she have any regard to the comforts of society or of her own. I have told you that females are designed, not only to extend the comforts of existence, but to be its principal ornaments; an elevation to dress, which is very necessary. How many females run into the error of thinking that to dress finely is to dress well—when the two things are as different as night and day, but the one excites attention, the other avoids it.

A lady, who knew that she was soon to dine with a gentleman, called upon a friend to ask him from the milliner. "How will you have it made, madam?" inquired the milliner. "Make it," replied the lady, "so that it will be ready to wear."

I think this is the best definition of what dress should be that I ever heard as my life. But then neat and orderly habits are found and become a lesson of instruction from the lady.

Habits of neatness, should be taught from infancy in all things, and can hardly be learned in a child who has been left to grow up in neglect. Not if she possesses the thing she desires. If she has not the means, she will not want it, and if she finds it, frequently it is not to a state fit for use.

An entirely person has little to do with be a disorderly one has ten times the trouble of the other, without possessing half as much advantages. I know one who was the very spirit of neatness. She learned the practice of it in her youth, and practised it in her riper years. The house in which she resided was a pattern of propriety, and her wardrobe a pattern of grace upon. But oh, it is terrible to jump into a flower that is crammed, without order, with clean frocks and dirty handkerchiefs, one of which has been used a little already for soiled paper, bedcloths and boot-laces, scissors and needles, pattern work and a thousand others. What a shocking exhibition of disorder and slattern habits it is!

The glance at a room is enough to convince us whether it be under the care of an orderly or disorderly mistress.

I have frequently known the kitchen of a servant more orderly than the room of her mistress, and the dormitory of an old woman of seventy, in the poor house kept in a neat and methodical than the bed chamber of a young lady. Be orderly, my dear girls! or be miserly for life!

IF MAY BE SO RICH.—A gentleman on his way from Boston to Vermont, stopped at a tavern where he met an unpleasant companion. He, who said to him—

"Where have you come from, sir, if I may be so bold?"

"Not bold at all—I come from Boston."

"Indeed! and what are you going, if I may be so bold?"

"I'm going to see the widow M.

"Are you a married man, if I may be so bold?"

"I am a widower."

"Then you're going to marry the widow M., if I may be so bold?"

"That's too confounded bold!"

DREADFUL CASE OF DISTRUCTION.—We regret to hear that several cases of cholic stares, have been reported in this city during the late and the present mayoralty. We have additional fears of an increase in what so alarming has been known not to have lasted quite for a long time. Some grow about from door to door begging a morsel of bread, and the most cruel of pastry to keep him from famishing. Some of the poor people have actually been living on nothing else but the mere sustenance of bread and legs of mutton for nearly a fortnight.

IF Speaking of dogs—we see one of these animals lying in the gutter the other day, and in the opposite one a well dressed man!!! The first had a ring in his nose—the latter had a ring on his finger. The case was clear, the bog was sober. "A bog is known by the company he keeps," thought we—we thought Mr. Parker—and so he went.

United States SATURDAY POST

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 18, 1864.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS, as above, we will send the United States Saturday Post one year, and one of the new premiums.

For THREE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, and one copy of Sears' Magazine.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

By the present Post Office Law, Postmasters are authorized to frank enclosures of money to the publishers of newspapers. By the new law which goes into operation on the 1st of July next, that privilege is disallowed.

We hope, therefore, that our friends, who are in arrears, will forward the amounts due without delay. Persons proposing to become subscribers to the Post, may also as well avail themselves of the short period left between this and July.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

After something of an interval—longer by much than we had hoped—our readers will welcome a continuation of the series of letters from Europe by the travelling poet, James Byard Taylor. It is one thing to inculcate or enjoy a go de book, and another to write lively, graphic and readable letters. Into the latter description of epistolary practice Mr. Taylor goes as naturally as if, to use a Westernism, "he never wrote any thing else." Yet we need not tell our readers how acutely he servesit—how well he has transcribed the gushings of a true poetic heart in rythm. His letters, too, are full of the spirit of poesy.

There are one or two items of local intelligence in this day's paper which it gives us great pain to refer to. One is the statement that a duel has taken place, which, we are likely to have a fatal result. It is an awkward thing, and quite against our inclinations to say a word about the subject while the relatives and friends of the parties—we mean those who would have prevented the affair if they could—are wholesale in grief. As to the question of series to be criminal is folly as this of duelling whether as seconds, advisers, promoters, or in any other capacity, we have no pity for them; however poignant may be the stings of conscience. They deserve to feel bitter remorse. It is just that they should—but less than full justice for they deserve as deep punishment as any of the parties. Nay, they merit more. Having no personal tak or danger in the matter, they are the more cowardly because there is no sentiment of courage, or manliness in their course, to palliate their guilt.

We know nothing whatever of the circumstances relative to this affair, further than what the newspapers have stated—the result of the encounter; and therefore we cannot be supposed to intend any particular application in the few general remarks which we make. Our newspapers and citizens, editors, lawyers and doctors of medicine and of divinity, merchants and mechanics, are all asking "How shall we stop these riots?"

We cannot answer as to how the direct check is to be applied to keep them down—but while a large public opinion makes it honorable or excusable, to go out with murderous intent upon your neighbor's life, under the so-called "code of honor," there will be found agents, in the more honorable of the two. Rioters start from a hazzah impulse and excitement, to blow off their anger and have done with it. The seldom kill any body—and still less do they intend to. If there is any honor in violence—in the admiration of force, in skill for amusement, the rioter is much the more honorable than the duellist. There is more "chivalry," "gallantry," and manliness, in an out and out knock down, than in a carefully arranged duel preceded by letters, provisos, conditions, and, as we know it sometimes happens, dirty characters.

There is only one way to check duelling, and of course fighting; and that is to hold the trigger and breaker of the peace with a duelling pistol as much disgraced thereby as the hurler of paving stones is, by defeating his honor in his own way. If one may fight, so may another—unless, indeed, we establish the principle that gentlemen are a class who have privileges not enchanced in the plain designation, citizen. Until we politically recognize and protect a privileged class, the duel might as well be left to cautious others such distinctions exist.

So much for that topic. We believe except the duel and its cognate the Fairmount riot, are no "exciting topics" this week—a fortunate circumstance in the exceeding heat of the weather. It has been most oppressively hot—it is so still. After the rather chilly weather we had experienced, this heat came with the more apparent severity.

There is quite an assortment of the lighter kind of foreign gossip in our British letter—a melange of agreeable trifles. This, and much of our remaining matter will be found agreeable warm weather reading—fit for the season when it is truly oppressive to think.

TO AMATEUR SAILORS.

We have had it in contemplation for some time, to say a word by friendly hint to the class of those who indulge in the recreation of boat pulling, and no time could be more fitting than the present. We would not be supposed capable of saying any thing against a harmless amusement, but why should persons who would have scruples as to shipping a lot of slaves by water conveyance through fear of jeopardizing property, embark their lives and the happiness of their friends and family without a thought of the danger they incur in a cockle shell that is unsafe even in the hands of the practiced sailor?

In the first place the major part of what are termed sailboats, and used as sail boats, are so much out of place when so considered, as to be broken rolls would be attached to a city omnibus. A sail boat requires a greater width to length of beam than those generally used. With the width they would admit of being inflated, and still sit light upon the water, and from being a well ballasted they would possess greater their equilibrium in a stiff breeze or sudden flaw. Now to be well ballasted relates not only to the weight, but to the distribution and security of the ballast, all of which should be so located as to remain in its position even if the boat be upset. To ballast the best and most commonly used, sufficiently, you must load her, and if loaded, she will not sail. The ballast used is carelessly thrown in, and in case of a heel it shifts or rolls over to the lower or lee side of the boat, and prevents the boat from righting. Now adding the above facts together, he rarely take a turn round the "cavell" and hold the line in the hand ready to cast off at a moment's warning. Thus does your sail, "go all a float," and become idle from holding on wind, though the moment before, standing full, they acted as the lever that threw you out of pace. There is no danger in letting go the sheet in a free and all up,—the universal one of our books—straight in the canvas. Never attempt to carry sail in a squall; it is better to have it set and a dozen times than it is to fail once of sailing in time.

Now after having said as much as we have upon the subject, we beg leave to say lastly that since in every thing in knowing how to steer, and paying all due attention to it and nothing else while so doing. Running even with a fair wind, by carelessness you will jibe the sails or bring them with the suddenness of thought from the one side to the other, and if the most heads and gaffs are not broken by the jerk, ten to one you are upset. And now, by way of finale, remember that if you will make a sailor of yourself, borrow or assume his best characteristics, coolness always and a readiness to meet any emergency. But better by far is to hire not only the boat, but her better half—a tar with a tarpaulin; print here brother and sister—a tar with a tarpaulin; print here brother and sister—a tar with a tarpaulin; print here brother and sister

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance.
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Agents will please continue their letters with their names of subscribers.
Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless post paid. $2 00 will be received only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if newspapers are sent.
Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for their bills.
Agencies are respectfully solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.
Remember most letters come to the Post Office returned from as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin, assisted by Messrs Moore, Jay, Small, G. H. Comstock, T. Gardner Smith, J. T. Dent and E. Y. Jennings.
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THOMAS REYKEN is our Travelling Agent for New York.
WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penn.
JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Notices of New Works.

The Ladies National Magazine, *for July*. We have received this number of the magazine in advance of the day of publication, and unhesitatingly assert it to be superior in any number of the year, except the January one, of which it is a rival. *All the best articles are from ladies*, among them Mrs. Sigourney, Brayton, Over, &c. The leading embellishment is a mezzotint, representing a mother and two children in a sleigh, pursued by wolves—a thrilling, absorbing engraving. Then there's a sweet and pleasing story, Abdorfield, the seat of Sir Walter Scott. The third embellishment is a fashion plate elegantly colored; and among the costumes we notice the cognetish gipsy hat, so much in vogue in Philadelphia. We cannot do better in closing than give a spice of the literary convoy, we therefore quote the following verses by Mrs. Allan:

"Ring the bells, the Sabbath bells,
How sweetly on the air,
Their silver chimes are ringing out,
To call us up to prayer!
At morn and eve, o'er hill and dale,
From church and minster high,
They bid us lay their words of peace and love,
Up to the silent sky!
The Sabbath bells in Prague floats,
Their Ukrainian sounds awake,
And where the tartar's where they hang,
The Indian mountains shake,
Our fathers listened to their call,
And still for us they ring,
And we will teach our children bells
To send in every clime!"

We refer to the prospectus in another column for the terms of this elegant, useful, and widely popular magazine.

The Exploring Expedition. *Philadelphia. Lea & Blanchard.* Volume 3d of the late Expedition, but eighth volume of the series. Exploring Kay-Geese, has been issued. The book is raising a great deal of attention through the land, in the various conservatory papers, and the publication will have the effect of nationalizing the enterprise, by giving every reader of the book a right pretty to it. There are in the ample pages of the work hosts of interesting and curious details, which it fairly rains to look for where one is not on the lookout and favorable circumstances under which the work in issued give it a great advantage over another looker of voyages and travels.

Alison's Essays. *Philadelphia.* This is a large octavo volume, and containing essays and reviewers, by the author of the History of Europe, on almost every subject under the range of periodical literature. Among over the "running titles" at the heads of the pages, the work is entitled Alison's Tales and Essays. This kind of sound education is much indicated to our publishers for the really good works with which they are supplying the reader, and the cheap and convenient mechanical form of cheap publications—cheap in every sense.

Scott's Family Bible. The work, now published in 3 vols. 8vo., and one-third completed, by J. B. Lippincott, of this city, has had a circulation in this country, and in other countries of a character to surprise. The different editions which have been published have made several hundred thousand dollars for the author, which means small, and maintains its reputation; and we can express no reason why a church should be without Mr. Campbell's edition in a quarto, with clear brilliant type.

Columbian Magazine. *New York. Israel Post. Philadelphia. Zeiber & Co., and T. B. Peterson.* The number commences a new volume, which the publishers express as high which the commenced with the last, and the reputation it has obtained, fully warrant him. It is a work of merit and received merit. It is a work in which all readers of polite literature are gratified. The editors are John Inman, and Robert A. West, Esqs.

The Dial Illustrated. *No. 1. Philadelphia. Zeiber & Co. and Cincinnati. Zeiber & Blanchard.* This is a capital book, written by a man who understands his subject thoroughly, and who possesses the subject matter to make it, in fact, the farm, or the boat. It is illustrated with several portraits of fine stock, and is well made valuable by a great number of practical directions.

Enterprise, Industry and Art of Man. *By Peter Parley. Philadelphia. Zeiber & Co.* This is another one of the richest series, embracing, as its title gives it, a general history of the enterprise and ingenuity of mankind, happily worded, and well arranged. We commend this work, and the whole series to examination.

The Spectator. *By J. R. Lowell. Philadelphia. Lea and Blanchard, and T. B. Peterson. London & Manchester and Zeiber & Co.* have this new novel. The name of the author will be a recommendation to it.

The Gardner. In Smith's Weekly Volume, the centerpiece of which is always on the subject of gardening. Gazette, in the western part of the city. A stranger, entering, will remark at once the appearance of neatness and comfort in the dwellings, after the style of the middle ages. It produces a richness of effect, very appropriate for a gallery of paintings. The work is beautifully printed, and contains a great number of practical directions.

Domestic Encyclopedia. No. 5 of the work, now publishing by the Harpers, has been issued and received by *T. B. Peterson*, who has received Nos 3 and 4. *Zeiber & Blanchard.*

Harper's Illustrated Bible. *Zeiber & Co.* and *T. B. Peterson*, have received No 39 of the Harper's Bible. It may also be had of *Lindsay & Blakiston.*

Army & Navy.

☞ A complimentary ball was given to Capt. Stockton and the officers of his squadron, on the 21st of May last, at the Tremont House in Galveston, Texas. There were about three hundred and fifty persons present, and at a supper given afterwards, many speeches were made, and among them one by Capt. Stockton. Of course "Annexation" was a large feature of the occasion.

☞ The Washington Journal says that Mr. Bancroft has determined to discontinue, as far as he can, under existing laws, the infliction of corporeal punishment for petty offences in the Navy.

☞ The Charleston Courier states that orders have been received to put the forts in that harbor in a complete state of defence at once.

☞ A large number of cannon, and among them many eighteen pounders, have been mounted on Fort Niagara.

Casualties.

☞ On Sunday morning, a man named Wm. A. Houston, aged fifty-two years, who had formerly been in the U. S. Army, on alighting from one of the cars at the depot in Canal street, New York, was instantly killed by being crushed between the cars he was leaving, and those on the track adjoining the depot. The deceased was nearly related to General Samuel Houston, of Texas celebrity, and had served under the command of the Black Hawk and Florida wars. In the latter he had a brother killed, whom he buried with his own hands, and without so much as a witness to the funereal act.

☞ A female engaged in a mill in Saxonville, while brushing her frames, had the brush caught by a pulley. She was thrown down, and the handle of the brush thrust in her face, breaking her jaw bone, and making a hole in her throat. Her physicians think she will recover.

☞ The Albany Evening Journal of Saturday says—"A gravel train of cars on the Worcester and Boston road, by the breaking of an axle yesterday, was drawn from the track, killing one man and dangerously wounding two others."

Explosion of Powder Mills.—The powder mills of Messrs. Langdon & Kellogg, in Lee, Mass., blew up, on Tuesday week. There were three buildings, several rods apart, which blew up in rapid succession. In that which last exploded were one hundred and twenty-six kegs of powder. The man only was within the reach of the shock, who was not killed, but so severely injured that his life is declared.

☞ The wife of John Wilkinson, of Madrid, St. Lawrence county, was killed by lightning in a storm on Wednesday week. The electric fluid struck the house nearly over the door, where she was standing, tearing the casing from the door and passing through her body. The body, hair, and clothes, were slightly scorched. Her son, who was in the house, was struck senseless, but is in a fair way of recovery.

☞ The schooner Lilley, at New Orleans from Jamaica, brings the melancholy news of the death on the Cordillera of the Andes. The same descended in fearful quantities from the Paramo de Ruiz, (which is Mosquito, and from 150 to 200 miles west of Bogota,) and populous district. It is supposed that twelve hundred lives have been sacrificed by this calamity. We doubt the extent of this calamity.

☞ A Vienna paper of the 23 of May states that a sad calamity occurred on the railroad between Nuremberg and Furnwalt. By a displacement of one of the rails, the locomotive and train were thrown off and destroyed, and from thirty to forty persons were killed on the spot, among whom were the engineer and conductor. A great number of others were more or less seriously injured.

☞ The German papers relate a sad accident that occurred on the 7th ultimo, in the neighborhood of Vienna. A boat on the Danube with a party of pleasure seekers returning from a pilgrimage, was overturned in consequence of the rush of passengers to the side of the boat. The boat was full, and more than a third of the party were drowned.

☞ Miss Hannah Cornell, daughter of Henry Cornell, of the town of Chemung, aged about 16, was drowned on Wednesday week, while attempting to cross the Chemung river on horseback. She fell from her horse while in the swift current, and immediately disappeared. Her body was found next day, three miles below the ford.

☞ By the upsetting of a stage near Saratoga, on Tuesday week, Mrs. Benjamin K. Payne, of New York, one of the passengers, was severely injured. One of his ears was nearly cut off, and about his head was severely lacerated generally. There were twelve passengers in the coach, but no others were seriously injured.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES
Of the Old World.

NUMBER THIRTEEN.

WINTER AMUSEMENTS—PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS OF THE METROPOLIS—ACADEMY OF PAINTING—LESSING'S PICTURE OF HUSS—LIBRARY, &c.

Frankfort on the Main, Jan. 25, 1845.

Since New Year's, things in this city have been quite cold, and the Main, just above the city, and the lakes in the promenades, were frozen over. The ice on the Main, at the bridge, has already been found to be of sufficient thickness, to the great joy of the schoolboys, permission was given to children to take the ice; and there filled with merry skaters, and every afternoon the banks crowded with spectators. It was a lively scene to see the thousands of persons dart about, turning and crossing like a flock of crows, while, by means of arm-chairs mounted on runners, the ladies were drawn to the ice on the spot, and were whirled around among them. The etiquette observed on such occasions is curious. The chair is the seat of honor—a man would glide with his chair to the bank, and touching his hat to a lady beg the honor of her company for a round. She then takes him for the offer, she seated herself, and they joined the ranks. Some of the broad meadows near the city were also overflowed with ice, and were the resort of the schools. I went there often in my walks and always found two or three schools, with masters at their heads, all skating together, and playing their winter games on the ice. I have often seen them on the meadows along the Main, and the teachers generally made quite as much noise as the scholars in their plays. There has not been much snow this winter, so we have had no opportunity of seeing a sledging-party, but some of the turn-outs of the rich bankers here, were fine things.

Except the glorious old Cathedral and the Romerberg, where the former Emperors of Germany were crowned, Frankfort has not many buildings of historical interest. It boasts, however, several very fine public edifices, and many handsome private residences for charitable purposes. Among the former, the largest and most valuable, is undoubtedly the city "Art-Institute" which stands in the New-Mainer Gasse, in the western part of the city. A stranger, entering, will remark at once the appearance of neatness and comfort in the dwellings, after the style of the middle ages. It produces a richness of effect, very appropriate for a gallery of paintings. The work is beautifully printed, and contains a great number of practical directions

Selected Poetry.

SORROWS OF SENSIBILITY.

Oh! who was feeling's finer sense
To a weak mortal given,
Where at each sharp it felt a dull pain,
Some sorrow stirred in vain;
The soul's overpowering sympathy,
Misery in misery lost,
And dreams of Nature's inner life
Are but by wonder at last.

I wandered lone, oppressed and sad,
Like a thing of fear,
When only Evelyn's gentle sight
Could make me feel cheer;
Although some traders dirt my day,
Where gampson hopes were scorned,
The resolute ledger fell: I gasped,
And forth there hopped a toad!

Oh, what a sensation ran down
And caught the mighty sea;
Its very waves did seem to writhe!
The sea-sympathy called to me!
I opened arms to eager nature,
And mentioned, "Here I am!"
A false grandchild! I heard; I sighed,
I'd trod upon a clam!

A form returned my speech and sigh—
A lovely cherub child!
Her lips were mournful with sweet smiles;
Her glance was brightly mild.
I said, "For child sakes!" (we with me
Your priceless sunset sky!"
"I reach for manners' said she'd have
At tea, some pumpion pie!"

I wondered where a stranger stood
With earnest benevolent pause;
As if some spirit vision lay
Beneath the horizon's haze!
He caught my gaze and spoke to me;
I must represented and doth;
"I've gained the skies that make you sigh!
You'd better dig for bones!"

Ah, me! oh no! where shall I fly
Congenial woman to find!
I cannot endure vanities sickening
With everything human kind.
Back to my solitude I must take
And there scream and groan!
Sorrows "Pork for dinner!"—Let me go,
And dwell in furry land! *Leonid Offridge.*

Beauties of War.

ARMY FLOGGING.

[The following extract from a recent British publication shows up in appalling colors the brutal custom of flogging in the army. It is a relic of barbarism, which we hope soon to find every where driven [illegible].]

The marching regiment to which the boy was attached, in the capacity of drummer, was one [illegible] of a set of hardy veterans, who had marched in various temperatures without being affected by changes; yet they were never a fine body of Englishmen who were hardy in more arenas than one, inasmuch as they had not long after another received so many lashes, 100, 200, 300, 400, *five hundred lashes*; no, not 500 exactly? yes, but they did [illegible], and they went back in the ranks with the usual knowledge that not a single cry had escaped during the punishment, no, not even one of them. It must not be imagined that all the men got the same number of lashes—no, because that was not the case, for there were a great many who had offended, and there were chaps as this as beringers amongst them, but still because of that manner of that none, they did not differ in the good particular, or rule, or understanding, as to the non-utterance of an exclamation after they were tied up to the halberts. If one or two or even half-a-dozen had been flogged, then these might have been a slight notion of disgrace attached to the occurrence, but when the matter extended to the whole regiment, why there could not by any possibility be any ignominy at all. Young men joined the regiment after they had spent their payment of a shilling, and after a day or two, they were told to expect, what they very soon made acquaintance with—many lashes. There was no disgrace, because it was general; and if a man gave any more to his feelings, he was looked on as a coward, and thought unworthy to associate with such brilliant companions, who hated of having submitted to the most disgusting torture without uttering even the shadow of a groan.

The great cause of this constant use of the "Cat" in this particular regiment arose from the fact of the colonel being what is technically called an iron heart and the voice of the officers down to the captain were of a somewhat similar character, as far as regarded the coolness of their countenance. The colonel was a strict, martial, upright, sweet, gimlety fellow, who had an idea that flogging made men hards and fitted them for severer punishment in the field of battle. To be sure he had not tried the experiment *himself*, neither had any of the commissioned officers who acted under his orders, but still for all that he had the opinion, and the devil a bit of possible's torn him a rave from it. Now these officers were all fitted for such a colonel, for they minded almost a zero mass and a dollar and a table-cumm than they did for the moral as well as intellectual feeling of those who were under their command. In justice to the officers, it must be stated that few hundred lashes would have killed them outright, if they had submitted to the experiment, for they were all like creatures who had mentioned been hearing upon the fat things of this world, and appeared to be made of chicken bones, *beef is no meat*, and macaroni, as that they were totally unfit to put themselves under such a trial of experiment. Now the sickly colonel, as well as the sanguinary looking officers, never wanted an excuse for flogging, as there was more drunkenness in the regiment, than in any other in service; and flogging follows drunkenness, in a certainty.

Why now only fancy a number of men drawn out purposely to see a man's back flayed with a cat-o-nine-tails, and to behold large pieces of flesh torn away from the ribs of a fellow-creature—blood and suffering as a matter of course. *Unfortunately* it is something more than fancy of a hard reality. The blood runs in rills! No! No drink! Yes! Then comes other drunkenness, and then comes other punishment with the "cat" for not to count martial, that must be a mere farce—a mere [illegible] punishment—when the originator of the crime is not asked for or brought into the ring to [illegible]. Why a word or two is necessary [illegible] in reference to flogging in the British army, and if we fails under it we must one day or other, so that the sooner it is the better.

Some Captains—Dukes of Wellington, and so on—great captains state that drunkenness is the curse of the British army; but they don't state that flogging produces drunkenness, yet it does, although they don't say so; and an anti-imperial gentleman connected with the army, he remembered when in any of the illnesses of his brother officers, and he will admit—they admit it daily—that flogging or a previous drunkenness is the great cause to the cases which battle the fight—at present is return for the English colonel.

I am a secret yo infant legislators.

There are reasons when flogging and drunkenness are unknown!

Rather! Though was a mere drummer to the marching to not marching but drunkenness and disagreement, for the matter of that which has already been referred to, so that he had to beat the drum daily in order to make his muscles might come forth to behold a man suffer corporeal punishment. The drum rattled away merrily, but although some marriage were about to be solemnized, and the men took their places most punctually read and about the fellow who was to suffer, who generally [illegible] as he was stationed as the center who would tender him; but really it is better to give a little in detail, so that your quiet civilian may have something about that which must be an every day affair with British soldiers.

Well, then the scene was formed—the officers were at their places, and the drums were beating a [illegible] a sickly, pale-faced man was marshalled into the centre, under a sergeant's care, who stripped off his coat and put his hands up to the halberts, so that they could be tied together at the centre of their upper limbs. The fellow's name was Jackson—Thomas Jackson—and the was his third appearance in that character. To be sure, he had only joined three months, and that accounted for not having been punished either; but really, when he went up this time, there appeared to be some strange and fearful event about to happen, by his firing his eyes so intently upon the colonel, who looked by during the ceremony. The man had joined for the sake of sound and glory; he had witnessed a man flogged—he had taken strong drink when he was flogged also. Again and now a third time —[illegible] twice. Five hundred lashes! Yes, it was a third offence, and that was to be his punishment. The attention was now real ever there was a stillness—a deadly silence when the drum ceased to beat, and every one for his final and made it deepened upon the already-rounded face of the unfortunate prisoner —again—again. The cat passed for the sake of honor—and oh, how he was dompfounded for glory—and how was ingenuity. He had now turned towards the colonel, as though to note the impression of the first system; and whether he went to the right or to the left, his countenance for the man's eyes followed him, and fixed upon him. Drummer followed drummer with fresh instruments, and the dreams would by, leaving up at the man, which was lonely, and not at the scene which was not. 1, 2, 3—100 lashes had drawn—but when the man fainted, and was put up again. 50, 51—400, again. 50, 51—400, again. 50, 51—450, again, and was put up again. "Discipline," he fainted and said the colonel. "example—discipline."

Now the lashes were bloody, and the man's back presented the appearance of a field of battle after a victory, yet the drummers did their duty. Lash after lash—Oh, it was dreadful! Oh, it was barbarous! Oh, heaven, it was devilish! Wive, the face of the drummer is proverbially ferocious; and really, when associated with such scenes as these, it is wonderful they do not commit murder, and they would, if they dare go out of protection.

The doctor put his hand to the man's pulse, and took it away again, when another lash decended; the man's back were still [illegible] upon the colonel, lost a portion of their fire—a slight "Oh," escaped from the lips—then the last fell, and Thomas Jackson, who went into the arena for the sake of honor, was cast—was fixed to the halberts; he was a tied now. The lake of corporeal punishment, although the doctor didn't [illegible], he felt satisfied that he went, off so easily, and cited a variety of cases where men had died from much severer. The colonel thought it strange, that a man should die from a mere flogging; so did the officers; so did the chaplain; so did the men; but they took him down from the instrument he was tied to, and buried him with funeral honors, because he was a soldier.

Personal Sketches.

POLITICIANS AND AUTHORS

[The particulars relative to Brougham will be a new interest from the publication of his work recently issued We therefore put him at the head of some more selections from the "Life and Ink Sketches of a correspondent of the Boston Atlas"]

In a pew beneath the gallery at amongst others, the correspondent of the Atlas, whose name was directed, and I employed the interval before the service commenced, in examining their manuscripts and [illegible] each other with a pink [illegible] The colonel thought it strange, that a man should die from a mere flogging; so did the officers; so did the chaplain; so did the men; but they took him down from the instrument he was tied to, and buried him with funeral honors, because he was a soldier.

Miller told me that he was so poor t'en that he had not pen, ink or paper; so he got some whisky brown paper, in which sugar had been wrapped, rolled up some lamp black in the ink, and then set down—the back of a between service for a desk, and wrote his well-known lines on an "Old Fountain." These he sent to Edinburgh being only [illegible] letter with some misdirected bread for a waiter and four-sided them, with the usual pleasures of fears, to the editor. They were immediately accepted, and Mr. Harrison forwarded the poet five guineas for his lines. "I never had so much in my life before," said the basket-maker to me. "and I fancied some one had left me my fortune and try to rob me of it—so, a night, I buried the four and went to bed, but did not sleep all night, from delight and fear." Miller still, to his honor, continued the [illegible] occupation of basket making, but he was tired by many—among others by Lady Byron—to write, and he sent the Scottish lyric book, and did him substantial service. "O! how," he said, "I love the author of Hogg's and Sinnington's splendid drawing room in the Highlands, talking and laughing with Mary in the old house at home, and, on the same evening I might have been seen standing in Westminster bridge, between an apple vendor and a baked potato merchant, vending my lines."

Miller now tried his hand at a novel, Syrian Slaver, which succeeded well, and the another, Fair Rosamond: he read diligently a [illegible] Scottish poets, and wrote a number of imitations. Jordan took him by the hand, and he contributed a good deal to the Literary Gazette. He is, at the time I write, himself a publisher in Newgate street, London. Miller is rather below the middle height, has a round and rosy looking, and he wears a profusion of light hair. The

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Original Poetry.

THE DEPARTED ONE.

To Miss H. J. C., Brandyford, Pa.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

Spring came, and with it sweetly and meek,
The scent of roses on the gentle air,
And beauty's presence fill'd the waking earth
With something of the hopeful and the fair
But she departed while the heart of flowers
Unmov Eden like around her sweet repose
Nor dreamt we that above the storm cloud towers
The sun.

She was our Spring—not on its sunny throne,
Loved in light realm, e of the radiant gleams,
Ruled o'er our hearts as empress all alone
Bright as of memory of our brightest dreams.
Lighting our home with smiles of tenderness,
Winning and pure as in the first curtsey,
A mother's love may on the wanderer rest

Around the homestead hearth her song was heard
Of her morning's hour awoke each sleeping rill,
And as the warbling of some wild bird
It breath'd into each heart an answering thrill
Of happy thankfulness that round our way
Was cast the sunlight of a peaceful day,
For our pure home had ever gone with her.

Her step was lightest in the evening dance,
When mirth and music ruled the dewy hour,
When all the world seem'd in a joyous trance
Nor thought we pain and misery had power
To blast with sip to earth to our brief year
Of heart and eye we is always fed vapour
From from the impre s of a sigh of tear.

We left her in the bloom of health to meet
With Spring's first coming at a distant shore,
To answer smiles that ruddy will on greet
Where her fond heart will watch her to thine,
To hear within us home thoughts wild and deep,
Which we had thought that will never sleep.

But round us constant watch and vigil keep.

We left her, but to meet her here no more,
Her last fond tone still lingers on our lips,
To see her last deep look of love before
Them bright eyes sunk in cheerless eclipse
To press her hand—to fold her to our heart,
And feel our pulses wildly, madly start,
To say farewell and part—forever part.

But not forget her—day and night around
Our distant home her spirit seem'd to tend,
Gathering us back to old familiar mood
That used in days of infancy to blend
With thoughts of her, the streamlet and the cot,
Each sunny glade, each memory haunted spot,
All, all alike can never be forgot.

All things seem'd full of her, no sound but brought
To our love hearts some echo of the past,
And sky and sea, earth, air, and ocean caught
A portion of the home her mem ry cast,
O'er each bright thought that came an angel guest,
Ladies'd with hopes of peaceful rest,
To fast a home within each troubled breast.

But she departed with the Spring's first bloom,
And we were like the frost that lingers late
Exiles from all—save from the pall of gloom
Her early hue has cast on our fate,
Withering our hopes just in their budding hour,
When life and loveliness with all their power
Seem'd most sacred for a season's dower.

But cast thee, mother—to the starry home;
We will not mourn thee as a lost one now,
For when will thy wandering child be true
Like the pure breeze that bathes an aching brow,
And whisper to the fears of doubt and woe
Of sweet of beauty, and of dreams mixed

L. E. B

Original Tales.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

It is a sad thing for innocence to be linked in close bonds with guilt. Even the ties of kindred and of friendship are often strong enough to separate honest men to swerve from the path of rectitude, and to say and do what their consciences condemn, for the purpose of meeting others from motives of selfishness. What, then, can we expect from the feebler resolution of woman, and where love is the motive?

A trial occurred some years ago in one of the Courts of Pennsylvania, in which the cruel consequences of such a connexion were sadly illustrated. The prisoner was charged with forcibly robbing the mail, and of course his life was in jeopardy. He was a person of much great zeal and ability, but the proof against him was overwhelming. One of the principal witnesses for the State was a young married woman, who, from her character and position, was not entitled to much credit; but on either hand, so many corroborating circumstances had been established by respectable witnesses, that this miscreant's story was only needed to complete the chain of evidence. For this purpose, however, it was absolutely necessary, and unless he received some credit from the jury, it was evident there could be no conviction. His testimony implicated several persons who had not been suspected, and created a great deal of excitement; and it was so circumstantial in itself, so strongly corroborated in many points by other witnesses, that it had evidently carried conviction to the minds of the court and jury. The prisoner's counsel exhausted all their art of ingenuity and of intimidation, without inducing him to vary in the slightest degree from his first statement: and they felt that their cause was hopeless. The truth was that this wretched witness, whose whole life had been spent in the blackest crime, who had quenched the last spark of honor, and silenced the last throb of conscience (for he was too superficial a villain to bring up his mind to "turn States' Evidence," and thus save himself at the expense of his comrades), had no object in his testimony but falsehood. Truth, in this case, answered his purpose, and he well knew that truth alone was sure of being successful, and therefore strictly adhered to it. Such was the position of the case, when the Court adjourned until afternoon.

The prisoner was conducted to his cell, and immediately after, two of the persons who had been related to by the witness, entered his cell-house, named Harris and Jones, sought admission. The jailer, being unacquainted with them, and having no suspicion of their evil and bella, admitted them. As soon as they were alone, one of the visitors began, with dreadful imprecations, to curse the witness against their comrade who had betrayed them.

"I am sorry to add, madam," continued Harris, "that there is another part of this business which is worse than all the rest—nearly." He then read from the notes that part of the testimony which implicated themselves and Smith.

"Now, I ask," said Mrs. Duncan, "that this whole story is a fabrication. Surely your rhapsodies assure that of my husband, will be a sufficient answer to it."

"Madam," said Harris, drawing his seat nearer, and lowering his voice in a solemn whisper, "I am extremely sorry to say any thing that may alarm you, or wound your feelings. But you must summon up all your resolution, for it is necessary that you should hear and understand me. You do not believe that your husband, or that we could ever have committed this infamous crime. You do us no more than justice. Morally we are as innocent as yourself. But a freak of folly has placed us all in a dangerous position. I will explain. On the night mentioned by these witnesses, your husband, Mr. Jones, myself, and one or two others, had assembled to make merry over some political news which had just reached us. We drank freely,—too much so, I am sorry to say,—and were in a high state of excitement, when some one proposed, as it was late, and we were not in a condition to return home, that we take a walk. We did so. The night was dark, and, just as we entered the woods at the end of the lane, we heard the stage coming. Who proposed it, or why we assented to it, I cannot tell; but in this drunken frolic we stopped the stage, and robbed the passengers and the mail. When we recovered our senses we were greatly alarmed at what we had done. We disposed of the property we had taken in such a way that it was all returned to its owners. Two years have passed, and we thought our secret safe, when we heard it revealed, to-day, in a manner a thousand times more dangerous than the truth."

It would be impossible to express the anguish which wrung the noble woman's heart, as Harris made this terrible explanation; which, however, was not half so terrible as the truth.

"I will remember that night," she muttered to herself; "I will remember it as long as my day-light in the morning, his strange wild and excited look, his bleeding wound, and his injunctions to secrecy. But his agitation seemed excessive: I believed it; and had long banished the circumstance from my thoughts. What could have been your attention in," she continued, addressing Harris, "surely it can not be dangerous. When all is understood, though every body must blame you, they will hardly think you deserve any very serious punishment."

"Why all could be understood!" replied Harris, "there would be no danger: but there lies the difficulty. What credit will be given to the statements of those who are accused? Besides, one of our company, as you see from these notes of testimony, a mean, cowardly wretch, has become frightened; in the hope of saving himself he has given a false account of the whole affair, and turned it into a serious robbery. The public, and, what is of more importance, the Court and Jury believe it to have been such, and we have no means of showing the truth."

At these words Mrs. Duncan sunk back upon the sofa on which she had been sitting, and buried her face in her hands. Her heart beat violently: her brain was on fire; and it seemed for a moment as if she was about to find refuge from her grief in total insensibility. But the emotions of love stirred in her heart even at that awful moment, and recalled her to a consciousness of her true situation. "Go on," she continued, addressing Harris, "surely it can not be dangerous. When all is understood, though every body must blame you, they will hardly think you deserve any very serious punishment."

"No," said the other, "I never saw a man bound tighter than they have got the prisoner."

"Listen to me," said the prisoner. "If I am convicted, your arrests will follow as a matter of course. The same testimony will be produced against you, and with the same result. But, suppose I should be acquitted? The credit of their principal witness will then be destroyed, and they will pursue the subject no further. By acquitting me, therefore, you will be saving yourselves."

"If my safety depended on that," said Harris, "I should consider my lease of life pretty near run out."

"Explain what you would have us to do," said Jones.

"The name of Duncan," said the prisoner, "was mentioned to-day, as well as your's. He is not your husband—he is the husband of a may yet be acquitted, and your safety secured."

"Explain yourself."

"The witness stated that Duncan was here, and that you left us on the night of the 10th of November, 18—, about two years ago. Now, Duncan has left this country. She has returned at a time, and his wife must swear that he was absent at that period on a journey. Let this be done, and the testimony of the trio, I see here will be able to contradict her; our old comrade's credit as a witness will be destroyed; and I shall be acquitted, and will be released from all further embarrassment."

"The idea is ingenious," said Harris, "but there is one difficulty in the way. We don't know this lady, and a purse and more innocent being does not exist. She never will agree to make such a statement, for Duncan was here, and she knows it."

"It is precisely because she is pure and innocent that I depend on her," said the prisoner, "that she will do it."

"She knows nothing of her husband's pranks, and will refuse to give credit to the story," said Harris.

"It will be for you and Jones to convince her of its truth," said the prisoner. "She has known us all as friends and companions of her husband, and no doubt had a good opinion of us before this affair. If you tell her that I am here am I on trial for my life, and in imminent danger of being convicted. The same testimony that destroys my account her husband. This must she swear believe, and the real will depend on your skill in negotiating. You have not a little discretion at this sudden and bold resolution; but he had a ready invention, and he employed it, in this emergency, with great effect.

"Undoubtedly what you propose would be the best," he said, "if it were possible to extort it; but it is too base. We are to be set free, but are under hearty bonds to appear at Court: and this very morning an officer was sent with a warrant to arrest your husband. Before you could reach him, he will be on his way here a prisoner."

"Then we are all lost!" she exclaimed, sinking again upon the sofa, and sobbing aloud.

When the first paroxysm of her grief was over, Harris again addressed her.

"There is one mode of escape, and one only, for us all."

"For heaven's sake then tell me what it is," she exclaimed, convulsively; "you have broken my heart with cruel words already. Give me hope and relief if you have the power, and tell me what I can do. forget what I have said, but advise, and direct me. Oh, Mr. Harris," she continued in the agony of suspense, "I can apply to no one but you for help: pity me, then, and do not forsake me!"

"I will not forsake you, my dear madam," said Harris, in a soothing tone. "I pledge myself as I value my own life, to do all in my power to promote your interests, and to preserve your safety. There is one way of escape, as I have said, and one only. You alone have the power to save us."

"If! Then tell me quickly how it can be done. Never fear my courage: I was weak only an hour ago. I feel all hope."

"It will be imposing on you an unpleasant duty," continued Harris, "and if there was any other help for us I would not ask you to do it. But there is no other help for you, and the consequence, to save innocent men from an unjust punishment, what could otherwise be the danger, becomes under the circumstances an act of heroic virtue. The witness who now accuses us, as I have said already, was with us, when the fatal transaction occurred. Without his testimony there would be no danger to any of us. If, therefore, we can destroy his credit, we are free, and none can be arrested. If we be acquitted, all danger will be over. Now he has stated distinctly that your husband was here on the tenth of November 18—: we must prove that he was several hundred miles away; this contradiction properly established, is all we want to accuse."

"But he was here," said Mrs. Duncan, wholly unconscious of Harris's aim, "he had business with several people."

"Then you remember that he was absent about that time. You must shift the date of his visit to us, and swear that he was with us the night of the tenth of November. This is our only hope."

"It is the open proposition to commit perjury all the honest indignation of her heart was roused.

"And do you ask me to do this?" she exclaimed. "Is this the act of heroic virtue which I am to perform? Why yes, yourself, and your friend, this is a deliberate crime, it was in the madness of a drunken revel. But the crime which you propose to me would be committed in cold blood. I should bring upon me what you need not feel, the stings of a guilty conscience: and forfeit forever, what you may yet hope to obtain, the mercy of Heaven. Providence will open up some way to make known your innocence; but, if we involve ourselves in this new guilt, he will certainly abandon us to our fate."

"You consider the matter too seriously, madam," said Harris; "remember, that we are only trying to oppose an infamous wretch, who has sworn falsely against us. If he is believed—and unless you contradict him he will be believed—then your husband's life as well as mine will be sacrificed."

A flood of tears came to her relief; and while she was thus weeping her little boy came in, and, climbing into his mother's lap, leaped in her ear.

"Don't cry, mother, papa will soon come home."

Clasping her child convulsively in her arms, she was agitated by a thousand contending emotions.

"Alas, poor boy!" she murmured, "you will soon have no father."

Harris could endure the scene no longer: his heart was talented from its purpose, and he rose to withdraw.

"Stay!" cried K. Duncan, with wild excitement; "have you nothing else to propose?"

"I know of no remedy but that which I have mentioned," replied Harris. "I would not counsel the destruction in every light, and nothing else can save us."

"When will it be necessary to offer this proof?"

"To-morrow morning at eight o'clock."

"Then come to me in the morning: I cannot answer you now. Leave me, and come in the morning you shall know my resolution?"

* * * * * * *

Meanwhile the court had resumed its session, and the trial was progressing. But little effort at a defence was made except on the subject of character. A number of highly respectable witnesses, who had been called to the bitterest irreproachable character of the prisoner; and as the investigation had already taken a wide range, they spoke also of the characters of those who had been accused, but were not on trial. Every one bore the highest terms of Duncan, as a highly honorable man, and most excellent citizen. His wife also was referred to as a most interesting and excellent woman, distinguished for her piety and benevolence. One venerable old gentleman in particular, who was her own neighbor, described her as a woman adorned with all the virtues of her sex. He worshipped at the same altar with her; he had heard a thousand blessings invoked upon her head by the neighboring poor, for acts of unostentatious charity; he had observed her at her own fireside, surrounded by her family and in those relations of Christian, neighbor, wife, and mother, he considered her an example worthy of all imitation.

The testimony was at length closed, and the court adjourned until the following morning.

* * * * * * *

On the departure of Harris and Jones, Mrs. Duncan had retired to the presence of her bitter grief, and consider what course she ought to pursue. When she raised her thoughts to Heaven in the agony of her prayer, the still voice of conscience whispered that she must not do evil, even that good may come; but when she turned her thoughts inward and looked upon her children, the voice of conscience was no longer heard, amidst the tumultuous emotions of love. Her husband's life was in danger, and irresolution she remained until the following morning, when the post boy appeared and handed her a letter. Instantly recognizing the hand-writing of her husband, she hastily tore open the seal. The contents were mysterious and unintelligible. He spoke of plots and dangers: of the impossibility of his returning for some years at least: and enjoined it upon her to conceal all from the prying curiosity of where he was: to pretend that he was sick, or make any excuse she pleased, or for a temporary absence, but to make all her arrangements to leave finally.

It was clear enough from this that he had been informed of the danger his prosecution was now on trial, and expected to be implicated himself. The story of Harris seemed true to be confirmed, and the danger as great as he had represented it. Her heart sank within her when she remembered his statement that an officer had already been sent to arrest her husband.

"It is too late," she exclaimed, "to follow his instructions. There is only one hope of escape. Why, then, do I hesitate! I will be committing a great crime, but Heaven is my witness that I do it reluctantly, but to save my husband and my children."

Harris came soon after, and found her calm and ready to accompany him.

"I will go with you, and do what you require," were her only words.

On their way to the Court House, Harris instructed her what to say, and how to conduct herself. When they arrived, they found that the court was already opening the cause before the jury: but application was immediately made for permission to examine this new witness. It was strongly objected to.

"The witness comes too late," said the counsel for the prosecution. "Why was she not produced at the trial? We should have had an opportunity to inquire into her character; but now the investigation has been closed, and I protest against its being re-opened."

"This is the lady who was spoken of yesterday," replied the counsel for the prisoner, "she is the wife of Mr. Duncan; and after what was then said of her, I hope the counsel will spare the discussion of character. We could not have anticipated any circumstance like this now in her husband's absence, to disprove the infamous charges which have been made against him. The only object of this trial is to ascertain the truth; will your Honor, then, exclude such a witness as this merely because she does not come in exact accordance with law?"

"It will be an irregularity to admit the witness," said the judge: "but as both parties consent, I shall allow it slowly, and am disposed now to shut out any light that can be thrown upon this extraordinary case. We do not wish to punish the innocent, but to punish rally, but, considering the character of the witness, as it has been proved, and as we can form an opinion from the whole of her story, of the presence or absence of her husband, at the time referred to."

Mrs. Duncan was then sworn and asked whether her husband was at home on the 10th of November, 18—. In a calm firm voice she answered

"He was not. He left home in the latter part of the summer of that year, on business which called him to New Orleans, and did not return until the last day of November."

"How can you be so certain about the dates, madam?" inquired the counsel for the prosecution.

"I have this morning referred to some memorandums which were made during Mr. Duncan's absence, and immediately after his return."

"Can you not produce these memorandums?"

"They are of a private nature, sir, and I would rather you would excuse me," she answered, without betraying the alarm she began to feel.

"I have you referred to them so carefully," interposed the Judge, "that you can speak positively as to the absence of your husband on the 10th of November, 18—?"

"I have sir. And from many other circumstances I am positive that he was absent during the whole month of November in that year."

The witness by whom Duncan had been accused here, wrote a few words on a slip of paper and handed it to the counsel for the prosecution. The latter glanced over it, and then gave it to an officer, who disappeared. Mrs. Duncan was allowed to resume her seat. When a gentleman who was well known, entered from among the crowd and said that he knew something about the absence of Mr. Duncan if the court chose to hear it. He was sworn, and stated that Mr. Duncan had transacted business for him in New Orleans in the fall of the year referred to. He was not certain at what time he returned, but remembered distinctly that he was absent for several months.

No one now doubted that Duncan had been falsely accused. The principal witness for the prosecution had been contradicted in one of the main statements, and the rest of his testimony had thus become worthless. A pause ensued during which every one was silently speculating on the fate of the prisoner. The prisoner was exulting in the success of his scheme: his counsel (who was ignorant of the means by which it had been employed) in the cunning of the advantages to himself of acquitting his client; the counsel for the prosecution was considering whether he should continue the cause: the judge was reflecting on the dangerous character of the testimony of accomplices, and on the high-handed outrages that they had not been betrayed into the conviction of an innocent man.

At this moment the officer returned, and with him came a well known and highly respectable merchant carrying an account book under his arm. The counsel for the prosecution asked permission to have the latter sworn as a witness, which was granted. He was then asked if he had any dealings with Mr. Duncan in the fall of 18—.

"I had, sir."

"Have you any means of telling at what time he returned home that fall, from his journey to New Orleans?"

"I had dealings with him soon after his return, and, several weeks after, we had a general settlement, which is here entered upon my book, and bears his signature as well as my own."

"What is the date of that settlement?"

The merchant turned over the leaves with his head to catch the answer, which was,

"The tenth day of November."

As if a sudden clap of thunder had burst upon them, the anxious listeners received before these words. It was impossible to doubt the truth of the fatal date: and every one saw how it;—this most interesting and admirable woman, whose whole life had been spent in virtuous and beneficent deeds, now stood self-convicted of her own innocence, to save her guilty husband. At length the stern voice of the Judge broke the hush:

"Come, gentlemen, let us put an end to these interruptions. Go on with the argument."

These words, and still more the tone in which they were spoken, smote, like the knell of death, upon Mrs. Duncan's ear. Sobbing hysterically, she cried aloud:

"Then, he is lost! Oh, why did you make me do this? You told me it would save him—but you deceived me!—I have been false witness!—stained my own soul with crime!—my husband is lost, and for ever!"

They bore her from the court room, blighted in body and in spirit. More than one rugged veteran thought as he saw her depart, that counsel leaned in silence over their table: and the Judge paused long before he ventured to put his voice.

* * * * * * *

It is needless to say that the prisoner was convicted: the means readily on account of the malicious means he had employed to defend himself.

Mrs. Duncan soon after disappeared with her children. It is believed she went to join her husband. To what corner of the world they may have fled, or whether she enjoys the happiness as well as safety, we cannot tell. No doubt her crime was inflicted on her, as she could do nothing without help.

"The only thing to be done," said parson Thacher, "is to make another asylum just like that. Go into the same yard with the same materials. Get down a young hickory, make your axletree, and when it's ready, I'll come and help you to put in."

And then parson Thacher turned to go up stairs again, but Mrs. Thacher told him the dinner was ready to take up, and would be on the table in a minute. So he sat down to dinner, when that was finished, it was quite time to go to the raising. So the way he remembered his sack coat. He found the poor cow in great pain, and sent off for a doctor immediately. Found looking at her.

"Have you found this, and this, and such another thing?"

"Yes, but nothing does any good!"

And then parson Thacher, with all his Legion learning went close up to the cow, and examined her.

"Make best of her while you can. Mrs. Trimbleton," said he, "I believe her leg is broken and there is nothing else to be done."

And so he rogged on to the scene of the quarrel. There he found Mr. Vose in a towering passion, declaring he would get the best lawyer in the county, and that he wasn't going to be imposed upon by any such fellow as Mr. Thacher. Parson Thacher, and left all that he could then do, and went off to the house of the bereaved family, to administer the consolations of religion and sympathy. He found Mrs. Trimbleton in a state of distraction, and her husband in a state of stupefaction. Both were in the deepest affliction, and I've nothing in the world for supper but some eggs."

"Well, you won't object to paying that, Mrs. Vose," said the parson.

"Why—no—" said Mr. Hunt; and after a pause of hesitation, the parson went on his way at a brisk trot, fearing to be late at the raising. Here he found all in commotion, and all the men in a stew. A cloud had come up, and cut by a dozen at once. A man had fallen off the timbers and taken up for dead. But there is parson Thacher," said they. And the parson fell to work, pulled and hauled the dead, called for bandages, drew out a lancet, bled him, and in a short time signs of life appeared. All was soon over and the men recovered. The raising went on: the minister made a prayer, then set off for home with a heavy heart, and thought over the whole affair.

So the bacon was brought and it took some little time to get it into the saddle-bags, but sermon or no sermon such a present must not be refused. And parson Thacher rested on, hoping supper would be ready when he got home. He had to pass Vose's door too, and Vose who was busy with something in the yard, looked up and saw the minister and stopped him, that he might thank him for his friendly office in the quarrel. While they were talking, Mr. Thacher said

"Mr. Vose, may I trouble you to hand me up a good hog sconce, to put in the other side of my saddle-bags, for Mrs. Hunt has given me a good lesson that weighs them down unequally, and causes them to slip."

"Not I, indeed, parson Thacher," says Vose. "I'll give you no sconce; but my wife has got some nice cheese, and if you'll wait just one minute, I'll step in to get one to balance your saddle-bags."

The cheese was forthcoming in a moment and stowed away, and parson Thacher chirruped gently under her ear with a switch. But at the gate he was met by his wife with a troubled countenance.

"Here are Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Wales Faceon Thacher, though he died in 1727. He was a man that had been to school and then to college in this country, and that wasn't enough, but he must be sent to the old country, (it was the quarrel in these days), yes, to Leyden, where he studied for the ministry, and not only that, but learned medicine and surgery, and not content with that, studied law besides."

Mr. Z—began to open his eyes at this enumeration of his predecessor's accomplishments.

"Yes," continued the good lady, "and besides, he was a good mechanic, so that he could use almost any tool. Well, he came back, settled in this town and married Theodosia Fa., and she made him a good wife, and they lived in the greatest love and harmony."

"Ay, but I must be ready to start before day, if I'm to get to the farmer's house in time to be mended tonight."

Mr. Z—saw there was nothing for it but to help the poor man after his own fashion; so he called for the lantern, put up his horse, helped him to do with the sale-ones, ate his supper, performed the family devotions, saw his guest safely started on a way for the night, and then sat down and finished his ordination paper. Another sale-ended parson Thacher's Day."

The old lady looked at the young clergyman, but he did not speak. He wore a very sad countenance, and very soon taking up his tall cane walked away to his own room.

Qu. What would the right-hand parson Thacher have done, or even the reverend Sydney himself think of a New England sinecure?

Spanish Life.

EL COLL DE BALAGUER.

A Modern Catalonian Story.

FROM CHAMPENS' JOURNAL.

The road from Barcelona to Valencia passes over the skirt of a cordillera, or mountain chain, which forms the source of El Coll de Balaguer. This road is edged by the sea on one side, and by a steep mountain on the other, and at present especially, where there is an elbow or bend, there are several enormous fissures, some of which appear to have become detached. They are extremely rent, and in fact are in situations exactly suitable for the concealment of bandits, and affording facilities for pointing upon the unwary traveller from the tops of the two passages by which they are separated.

It was here that, in the year 1833, several robberies and assassinations had been perpetrated almost with impunity, and a regular system erected within a very short distance of each other, when accidentally they became the object of those murders had been accompanied by circumstances marked by a singular sacrilege. The first victim who perished in this dreaded neighborhood was a rich merchant who was returning from Tortosa. It was generally supposed that, having had occasion to transact business in the latter town, he had sold all he had branched off, and had joined the Barcelona diligence at the Coll de Balaguer. He was seen our adventurer, riding along on his mule with his portmanteau behind him, and carrying a morning a mendicant friar found the dead body, bathed in blood. A bullet had struck him in the forehead, and had passed in the sacred temple; the marauders of saints being frequently to be found in the stage apparently in all their horrible reality. The murderers, however, of the company had enacted with so much zeal at Tarragona was, The Beheading of St. John the Baptist; and in the hope of meeting with many good fortune in Tarragona, they departed early one morning from Tarragona by the high road which passes by the Coll de Balaguer.

The baggage, wardrobe, and other theatrical accompaniments of the company, were taken upon several mules; but each actor, and Doña Garcia, who performed the part of St. John, preferred to carry one part of his costume himself.

Fernando Garcia was a short man, which was a main point for the effective representation of the principal character in the piece of the musical; for, in order to give an appearance of miracle to the scene of the beheading of St. John the Baptist, a *tonsella*, or leathern skullcap, was placed on the head of the actor of low stature, and upon the said skull-cap there was fixed, by means of a spring, a false head imitating nature; and the whole dress or costume was so arranged as to reach above, and cover the own head, leaving the head of St. John alone, which being struck off by the executioner on the stage, and placed quickly thereafter on a dish, or charger, produced a startling and exciting effect upon the spectators.

Two days before the evening, and make up his mind to confide this precious solace, or head, to the keeping of the executioner, and of his theatrical success, to the care of a muleteer, for it was one merely and solely of the transport of materials—the features being painted in the ordinate nature to give the effect of long hair pasted over the forehead, and hanging gracefully over the back part of the neck—but had placed a cap, which was constantly in motion, by means of an internal spring, which was acted upon by the muscles of the head underneath—head on the skull-cap surmounting the whole of the costume.

So little Fernando thought that the safer way was to carry the head himself, and of course he chanced was to make himself a head taller on his journey, by ingrafting it on his own pate, as he was about to do on the stage; and accordingly, in this guise, and mounted on a hired mule, he wended his way from Barcelona with the rest of the company.

Towards evening, however, he found himself alone. He had lostered on the road and, after all business, he was exposed to inconvenience. The weather was close, and he was sort to feel of its uncomfortable effects, he covered his face and head with his cloak; and at one o'clock: and treating the intelligence and sunlessness of his beast, he lightened the load by thinking of the plausible whom would be the consequence of his fatigue. He knew that he should persuade to the life the saint whose counterfeit head enveloped his own, without which he had an angry sheltered himself from the sun, and which he was about to lose at the road at the Coll de Sangont, that fatal spot where so many murders and assassinations and robberies had been committed—a shot was fired from one of the numerous thickets which are stone already described. The actor's horse reared, and fell on the double-back and mortal-up rider, who, whilst struggling in the agony of combat himself from the folds of his cloak, which had become entangled in the stirrup, and with a cautious in his hand in the act of pouncing upon him.

Fernando, however, was not wanting in courage, and, after the first shock of surprise had got free from the one, he leaped upon his legs, and drawing forth a pistol, prepared for resistance.

A concealed Uzarte—for he it was who was rushed upon his supposed victim—astounded at having for the first time missed his aim, was about to take to flight; but he but all entranced over himself, and became riveted to the spot upon beholding a being with two heads; the upper one—that of St. John the Baptist—rolling its eyes in the most terrible manner, whilst the menacing echo of little Fernando Garcia were flashing on him from their sockets in his own living head underneath, and the glistening pistol was elevated, ready to be plunged into his breast.

That baleful system having at length been created in the most determined manner by the mass of the Spanish people, the majority of the agents and abettors had either fallen in the various encounters between the constitutional forces and those of the Army of the Faith, or had emigrated to France, Italy and other countries, whilst considerable numbers dispersed themselves in various parts of Spain, where they were generally regarded with suspicion and hatred, but, unmingled with fear, in spite of their prosaical position; for they bore the indelible stamp of being who had been in the habit of perpetrating crimes of the very deepest dye, either in the character of agents of Faction, where none but the monsters in human form who tortured their victims in secret could bear their shrieks for mercy, or in the Ranks of the Army of the Faith had under its domination, perseveringly and castigating those whose words, actions, or even looks, could be construed of misinterpreted as to be made the groundwork of a suspicion.

This Uzarte's habits were more expensive; but the source whence he drew his pecuniary supplies was unknown; and although he practiced all the outward forms of religion with scrupulous exactitude, and had, on that account, gained a certain reputation for piety in some quarters, he was generally looked upon as a dangerous person. Strange and ominous expressions, fearfully indicating that he was familiar with crime, escaped his lips at unguarded moments; and he gave way occasionally to fits of gloomy abstraction, of passionate alterations with his associates, his vengeful glance causing the bystanders to tremble lest he should put an end to the dispute in some violent and tragical manner. Nor were their fears groundless, although he had allow might not be struck in their presence. The following circumstance clearly shows the case.

Some one having asked him how it was that he had such excellent health, he replied, "Why not for a day's sport, his reply was: "To find out if it is necessary to undergo fatigue. Then, if you about it, you may run some little distance in pick it up; and you must alter-walk walk a long way if you wish to sell it. 'Tis much better to wait for a man: he comes at his own accord; and when you have killed him, all you have to do is to ransack his *alforjas*."—[saddle-bags.]

One day, however, he went to about wildfowl or company with Antonio P. Doña, the contraband leader, to the Albufera, and on a cluster of small islands or banks near the mouth of the Xucar, thickly overgrown with tall reeds, of which afford shelter to great numbers of wild ducks and flamingoes. At the close of their day's sport, they entered a fisherman's hut in search of refreshment, but all they could obtain was a salad, cut into very small pieces, and, as is the custom in Catalonia, swimming in a profusion of oil, and composed of water, oil, and vinegar.

Antonio, or before he began his repast to some table, used rather clumsily the roughly-fashioned wooden spoon which the fisherman had produced; for though he seemed to be handy with the oar, he was totally unaccustomed scarcely any to his companion's plate and spoon. Uzarte fancied that he turned the spoon the wrong way upwards, and that he was completely trying to take up the caldo with the convex side of the spoon. A moment afterwards he was using the hollow part, and out of this trifling matter a most violent quarrel arose. And yet, as is the case with regard to many other and more serious quarrels, the origin thereof was not only insignificant, but groundless; for a moment's reflection would have convinced the false-mask's but, and to whom the matter was referred, declared, on the first glance at the object in dispute, that both sides of the spoon were alike, that is, nearly flat.

Many days after this absurd contention between Venceslas Uzarte and poor Antonio P. Doña, the latter was found dead in the road, a rude woodland cross in his stiffened hands, near the Coll de Balaguer.

During Lent, in the year 1832, a troop of strolling players had been performing with great success at Tarragona in the theatre of Sarrocadas, or sacred plays, which excite great interest among the Spanish people, and much as they are living representations, dramatized with great exactness, aided by scenic illusions, of some of the most remarkable and exciting events recorded in the sacred writings; the martyrdom of saints being frequently to be seen on the stage apparently in all their horrible reality. The principal performer of the company had enacted with so much ecstasy at Tarragona was, The Beheading of St. John the Baptist; and in the hope of meeting with many good fortune in Tarragona, they departed early one morning from Tarragona by the high road which passes by the Coll de Balaguer.

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